





# EIGHT MINUTES OF THREE.

ADVENTURE STORY

## CHAPTER I.

On the 17th of March 1878, Mr. Gustave Prineveau was shot and killed in his private carriage while returning from a drive with his wife. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the carriage at the time was between Sixth and Sixth and Seventh streets on Fourth avenue, in New York.

Mr. Prineveau was seated to the left of his wife in the carriage, which was a two-wheeled phaeton, and was driven by the man, John Trosch, who sat on the seat in front of them. Mr. Prineveau, who was sixty-three, died almost instantly, and the post-mortem, held the next morning, showed that he had been killed by a bullet which had entered his head at the right temple, and had passed upward and severed the brain. A small hole was found in his vest on the left side corresponding to the bullet.

The post-mortem examination was a long one. As it was impossible for either of the elder gentlemen of the carriage to have got around to the left side of Mr. Prineveau so as to have inflicted the wound without accomplishing an unprecedented feat that would have been seen, and as there was no mechanical motive for such an act, the whole purpose of the examination was directed to finding out what incentive some other person might have had to commit the deed.

The following facts were then elicited. Mr. Prineveau had been married a little less than five years to a woman who, previous to that marriage, had been known as the widow of a South American merchant who died while on a visit to Buenos Ayres. At the time of Mr. Prineveau's marriage he was reported to be very wealthy, having amassed a fortune in coal speculations in Pennsylvania and New York.

He, too, had been previously married, by which marriage there had been two sons, one of whom had died three years before the father, in California, and the other of whom was still living somewhere in Ohio. The only other relation that could be traced was a nephew, Jared Clarkson, about twenty-eight years old, who was a seaport, and had lived for several years upon the bounty of Mr. Prineveau, but whose whereabouts at the time of Mr. Prineveau's death could not be ascertained. It was shown that the deceased had been a man of singularly weak character in the management of his estate; that he gave away vast sums of money, was easily frightened or cajoled, and that from all accounts his was a very much abused position. He was continually surrounded by a host of advisers, many of whom were of the most unscrupulous and dishonest kind. Some of his servants knew of his ever having quarreled with her, Mrs. Prineveau, and had after all his personal conduct was continually suspicious about his health, accompanied him everywhere, and had the reputation of being a discreet, domestic woman with an obvious affection for a man who was twenty years her senior.

There was in his house on Fifth avenue a servant who had been with them for five years—her name was Rose Kenny, and she

testified that about a week before the murder Mr. Prineveau had been visited at night by the nephew Clarkson, whom she had let in and who was seen by Mr. Prineveau in the library, and heard him in the wing at the rear of the house. From appearance she thought the man had been drinking. He wore a rough and soiled overcoat and an imitation astrakhan cap pulled over his face. He stayed over half an hour in the library, and she heard him from the front parlor speaking in loud and angry tones. She admitted that she had listened, and swore that she heard him say: "Then look out for yourself, for you will not live to accomplish it." To which the old man in a soft voice made some kind of appealing reply.

This was about ten o'clock at night, and Mrs. Prineveau, who had gone to a concert at Stuyvesant hall with a party of friends, had not returned. She came back at six minutes of eleven, and upon making inquiries of the maid, Rose, learned those facts and showed a good deal of indignation because Mr. Prineveau had been subjected to the annoyance of a worthless and reckless seaport.

Mrs. Prineveau herself corroborated this statement explicitly, but could give very little information about the habits or antecedents of Clarkson, except that she had learned incidentally from her husband that he was a drunkard and a wife and two children, and that he had some bad habits, had never been able to take care of himself or his family.

It was also learned that on the afternoon of the 14th of March Clarkson had been seen by the coachman hanging about the house and the hall, and that he had sent an errand, and that he had been in the corner and was there in conversation with him, Mr. Clarkson asking him, among other things, if Mr. Prineveau did not take a drive usually in the afternoon.

These bits of testimony led to the police officers to find Clarkson, who was arrested on the 16th. His funeral was attended by many

old New Yorkers, and public attention was turned to the efforts made by Mrs. Prineveau to discover the perpetrator of the crime.

On the 21st Clarkson's wife and child were found in a miserable lodging place in Varick street. But Clarkson had disappeared. His wife promptly acknowledged that he had come home late on the afternoon of the 17th, had hurriedly changed his clothes and gone out. She had not seen him or heard him since. But she strenuously denied that he had committed a crime, and refused to be influenced by any of the damaging circumstances.

Hence the affair threatened to end, as so many others of its kind have ended, in

CLARKSON WAS SEEN HANGING ABOUT THE HOUSE.

At this stage of the affair I was called into it, oddly enough. I received a note from that eminent lawyer, John Greve, with whom I had been called, asking me to call and see Mrs. Prineveau at her Fifth avenue home. He had taken the liberty, he said, of recommending me in a letter that would, perhaps be of great service to me. Perplexed as I was at this, knowing that John Greve was Mrs. Prineveau's lawyer and did not need outside counsel, I nevertheless called promptly upon the lady. I found her to be a very handsome woman with great dignity of person, a charming self-possession and all the evidences of a refined and estimable character.

"This unfortunate affair," she said, "has perplexed me in more ways than one. That wretched man, Clarkson, as you doubtless know, is in custody and is now here. The circumstances appear to leave little doubt of his guilt. But he has a wife and two children. Their alleged misery is made all the more acute by the wife's belief in her husband's innocence. It is a very dreadful state of affairs, but I shrink from the responsibility which justice imposes on me of hanging that helpless wretch without giving him a show for his life. He is not a bad man to employ counsel, and I wish to employ you. I propose to pay you to try and do the best you can for him, and, of course, I do not wish anything said about it. I took the advice of Mr. Greve, and he said that in any case the man was entitled to a trial, and I am now anxious to employ you. It seems in such a foregone conclusion a small concession to give him the benefit of the law. At all events it will relieve me from the reproach of having been influenced entirely by a sinister feeling. I do not remember all that was said at this interview, but I recall that I was consciously affected by the woman's sympathy for a man that she said had little or no chance for his life, and who wanted to soften her own share in the prosecution by not permitting him to say he had no chance to prove his innocence.

I promised her to regard the accused man and to send her my decision as soon thereafter as was possible. This interview was on the 25th. On the 26th I went to see Clarkson in the cell at the city prison, and was met by the warden's office who had also come to see him. It proved to be his wife. She was such a picture of abject misery that she arrested my attention. She must have been a very beautiful girl, although now she was at least twenty-five and suffering and drawn its lines across her white face. I could see that she was one of the finest material was in fact one of those delicate, sensitive, emotional natures that shrink from the world, not are capable of the greatest self-sacrifice and unswerving heroism when a crisis comes. She was wretchedly clad from the biting spring weather, and she stood with her face turned toward the wall, but through all her shabby integuments there was a proclamation of natural symmetry and even of manner. When the warden told me who she was, I went to her and made myself and my mission known. She grasped my hand and with her long cold fingers almost convulsively and swooping away the veil that had partly concealed her face, looked at me with searching and imploringly with her sad gray eyes that I started a little.

"O, sir," she said, "had my husband may be, he is innocent of this, and he has two children that he loves. You have come to save him. I feel it."

I paid her hand and tried to say something that was encouraging, not committal. "We shall see, we shall see. Things are often not as bad as they look. I am going to have a chat with him. In the meantime, save your strength. You are not friendless."

She was looking at all to what I said. She was looking at me with those gray eyes very much as if she saw something behind me, and hanging to my hand like a drowning person.

"Yes, yes," she said, with a sob, "you will save him," and she began to cry convulsively.

I had not the heart to tell her how hopeless it all looked. I wish that I had been spared this so that my judgment could come to the interview with the accused man, and that I might have seen him.

She made me go up and see her husband first. She would wait.

I found Clarkson to be the very antithesis of his wife. He was a large, muscular and slightly bloated fellow with a purplish face, the result of debauchery, but with a rather handsome man of what would have been a handsome man in normal conditions. He sat on the edge of the iron bed when I entered the cell, his head between his hands, and he did not look up until I had spoken to him, and then he looked at me such a flabby despair that I felt repelled.

Here was one of those large vital natures

that appear to have no internal resources. I could see in an instant why his life had been a failure. He was made up of unregulated appetites and sensibilities without volition enough to control them. Just the sort of man to do a desperate deed in the frenzy of drink, without a motive before it or a recollection after it, but as devoid of methodical vindictiveness as a mastiff.

I told him I had come to talk with him in view of conducting his defense.

"Bah," he said, "there is no defense. Can you defend me against God?"

"Let me ask you, I began, "not to talk in that reckless manner. Try and

THE WARDEN TOLD ME WHO SHE WAS, he could. Blasphemy may relieve your feelings, but it will not help your case."

"My case is hopeless," he said, with every dash indicating that it was. "But if it is worth while to make a plea at all, it is not necessary to announce your guilt in advance."

He sprang up from the bed—he was six feet in height—and with a clenched fist uplifted said:

"I am not guilty, but I might as well be, for God has decreed that everybody shall suffer."

A gleam of hope suddenly had shot out of the darkness of this reply. The man might be in some degree insane, and irresponsible.

"If you are not guilty there are possibilities of defense. I don't think Heaven will object to our availing ourselves of them."

"Such you know of Heaven," he replied. "No man could have made such a set of circumstances to fit into my doom. It requires the subtlety and cruelty of a God. I might as well have killed that man and given myself up. The result will be the same. But I'm too old now to kill anybody. So I am to be killed. This is in accordance with eternal practice."

He looked at me with a glaring eye. His words were not with a burning earnestness. They could be no mistake about the earnestness and sincerity of his emotion.

"Either this man is innocent or mad," I said to myself, and then hastened to discover the thought to myself.

"I tell you beforehand," he went on, "that you cannot do anything with the circumstances. Did I go to Mr. Prineveau and use threatening words—yes. Did I happen to have a pistol in my possession whose bullets exactly correspond to the one found in the man's body—yes. Did I disappear after the deed—yes. Is my life and character just such as would fit me for such a deed—yes. And yet I tell you that I was not there, did not kill him, and never had such an act in my mind."

"Easy," I said, "if you were there, you were somewhere else. We ought to be able to get at that."

"Yes, we ought to, if we were not fighting against destiny. But just at the time that I ought to have known where I was unconscious."

"I tell you, might have been there unconsciously and irresponsibly."

"Yes. Some demon may have robbed me of myself and worked this thing through me. That's the safest theory. You'd better stick to that. You'll get some credit for it after I'm hanged here."

"Clarkson," said I, "I met your wife downstairs; she made me come up and see you first."

He staggered against the wall in the corner of the cell and broke down.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" he said, with great coils. "I've been the curse of her life."

"She believes in your innocence."

"Of course she does. She knows me, poor old sweetheart. She knows that weak of me."

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"Where did you get it?"

"I took it in pledge from a little Frenchman who boarded in the house and wanted to raise some money to go home. I threw it in a chest of drawers, saying I could get five dollars on it any time at a pawn shop, for it was handsomely silver mounted."

"How long was this before the murder of Mr. Prineveau?"

"The man turned round and looked at me with a blank face and said, slowly: 'It was about five days before, and the day after I had had the words with Mr. Prineveau in the library.'"

I confess that both his looks and his words had a kind-like effect. In spite of myself I felt staggered.

"Do you know of anybody whose interest would be advanced by the death of Mr. Prineveau?"

He hesitated a moment. Then he said: "No, Mr. Prineveau's death was a deprivation to me. He was the best and in fact, the only friend I had."

"Why did you go to him that night a week before his death?"

"To get money."

"Did you get it?"

"Yes, I always got it."

"By the way?"

"No. It was absolute charity. He gave me a twenty-dollar bill. He always felt sorry to me. I was flush with that money and bought the pistol, not because I wanted it, but because the Frenchman was hard up."

"Now tell me what the conversation was with your uncle that night."

"I cannot tell it clearly because I had been drinking and I am effusive and foolish when I have liquor in me."

"Was there not a quarrel?"

"No. He may have upbraided me; he always did, and I may have talked back and loud. I always do, but there was no other quarrel."

This man puzzled me completely. There

CHAPTER III.

In my case I suppose that something did, for I got up and wrote a letter to Mrs. Prineveau, telling her that I had accepted the case and would do the best I could for the accused, and that it looked like a hopeless affair. In response to this I received a note of brief thanks, enclosing a crisp five hundred dollar bill as a retainer fee. That the pale face of the man's wife had determined me is not unlikely, for it came back to me in the night with the strongest persistency and the same unwavering look of trust in the gray eyes.

The trial was set down to come on about the first of May, and there was about a month's time to get ready for it. I wasted about a week in the conviction that all I could do was to dispute the evidence inch by inch, and in the last resort show that Clarkson was given to emotional aberrations and was at times irresponsible. But whenever my mind reverted to the matter that miserable woman's face rose up with an awful reproach in it, and then I fell to exorcising myself to myself as if I had not done right.

One morning, with an entirely inexplicable impulse, I went down to the place in Varick street. I found Mrs. Clarkson living in one room on the third floor of a dilapidated building. I ever met. This whole thing is in a nutshell. Either that man Clarkson shot Mr. Prineveau or he didn't. If he didn't shoot him he must have been somewhere at the time. He says he was drunk and if so some one was to be found somewhere. I went far away from the scene of the crime. It's a plain piece of work to find out the man's whereabouts and get hold of the persons who saw him there on that day. That's all there is to it, and I don't mind telling you that I haven't a bit of faith in the task, but there's a chance."

Daryl did not say anything for a moment. He worked his big fist in his pocket mechanically, and looked down at his heavy boots as if he were at a complete loss. Presently he said, drawlingly: "Yes, that would be a waste of time."

"Then you have made up your mind that Clarkson is guilty?"

"No, I haven't."

"Look here, Daryl," I said, a little nettled. "You are one of the cleverest men in the city, and I ever met. This whole thing is in a nutshell. Either that man Clarkson shot Mr. Prineveau or he didn't. If he didn't shoot him he must have been somewhere at the time. He says he was drunk and if so some one was to be found somewhere. I went far away from the scene of the crime. It's a plain piece of work to find out the man's whereabouts and get hold of the persons who saw him there on that day. That's all there is to it, and I don't mind telling you that I haven't a bit of faith in the task, but there's a chance."

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certainly how you. But a lawyer must have facts. How are we to prove that he did not?"

Her answer startled me a little. I was said calmly, and as if she saw no difficulty in it. "I'll look for the facts if you like, later on."

"What in heaven's name then have you got to warrant such a conclusion?"

"Kinder got the truth. It's different from facts. Can't you get it up, but you feel all the same. I assure you it is facts—to begin with, for the facts kinder into it easy like."

I sat up and took a turn or two. My mind did not easily admit itself to this possibility. Daryl seemed sure of his own arm and played with the paper weight on my table contentedly.

"Amos," I said, "I don't know what to make of this, and I think that you ought to tell me one thing or another. I got into your mind."

He toyed with the paper weight, and did not look at me. I could see that he was somewhat at a loss how to explain himself.

"Well," he finally said, "I ain't no trucking my own notions as you call 'em, and I don't mind seeing in a general way that the truth is on my side. I've got a system with their knowledge how to rule it's a woman's system, and ten to one it's a woman like Mrs. Clarkson. You see, if her husband had murdered on his own, she'd be over night. She knows he hasn't killed anybody, and she takes her word for it. A woman knows a lot of things that a man don't."

"Yes," I said, "she knows how to rule on a man's susceptibility."

"Mrs. Prineveau don't want to know my susceptibility, does she? You see, her didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"And she struck you as a person of self-respecting, kindly old party, didn't she? One evening I pressed my hand on a woman's arm, and she said, 'You are anxious that justice should be served with mercy.' Very cool, and collected, and dignified."

"Most assuredly."

"Well, when she met me, she gave a start. Who brought you into the case, she said. No, she said, 'I ain't no trucking my own notions as you call 'em, and I don't mind seeing in a general way that the truth is on my side. I've got a system with their knowledge how to rule it's a woman's system, and ten to one it's a woman like Mrs. Clarkson. You see, if her husband had murdered on his own, she'd be over night. She knows he hasn't killed anybody, and she takes her word for it. A woman knows a lot of things that a man don't.'"

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Only One Big Cake

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CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

DOUGLAS.

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With a capacity of over 300 barrels per day are now in complete running order and fully equipped for the best manufacture of all grades of Flour, Oatmeal, Granulated Feeds and Pearl Barley. The Brandon Flour now manufactured and what will be delivered to all parts of the city from the mill or through any of the city dealers, are:

- SNOW DRIFT, or Fancy Patent, one of the best Pastry Flours in the market, and is the highest grade manufactured.
- LILY, or Family Patent, this is a Flour that we can recommend for general family use, and will be found to give the highest satisfaction.
- BAKERS' PRIDE, The highest grade of Strong Bakers' manufactured, and its qualities are superior to anything of the kind ever before placed on the market.
- N X N X N, This is a grade somewhat lower than the above, and in the manufacture of which is used only the best quality of wheat. It is used for manufacture of Brown Bread and is an excellent food for all purposes.

Our facilities for manufacturing the following are of a superior order and they are always in stock at low prices.

Roller Oats, Granulated Oatmeal, Standard Oatmeal, Rolled Wheat, Pearl Wheat, Pearl Barley and Pot Barley

All Goods Sold at the Lowest Market Prices for Best Brands.

CHOPPING AND CRISTING

done every day. Chopping 8 cents per hundred, and Cristing 15 cents per bushel for which we give the best grade of Lily Patent. Satisfaction assured all patrons

ALEXANDER, KELLY & CO.

WM. FERGUSON...

DIRECT IMPORTER OF

WINES - LIQUORS - AND - CIGARS.

THE ONLY HOUSE WEST OF WINNIPEG THAT HAS CUSTOMS AND EXCISE BONDING WAREHOUSE.

Bass's Ale, Guinness' Stout, Milwaukee Lager and all Domestic Ales, Lager, and Stout kept in stock

## SCHOOL BOOKS !

SCRIBBLERS AND ALL SCHOOL REQUISITES.

THE LARGEST AND BEST VARIETY IN THE CITY.

SEE THE LARGE STOCK OF NEW STATIONERY

NOW BEING OPENED AT

CLIFFE'S BOOKSTORE

BLANK BOOKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ENVELOPES, NOTE PAPERS AND PADS.

CLIFFE'S BOOKSTORE

## Brown & Mitchell,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

## THRESHERS' SUPPLIES,

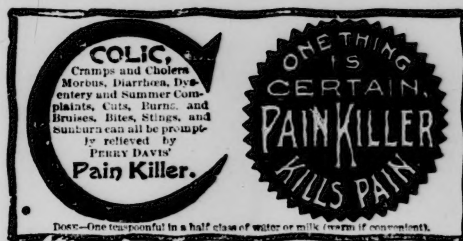
ENDLESS RUBBER BELTS, RUBBER BELTING, ALL SIZES, LEATHER BELTING, ALL SIZES, LOW-DOWN TANK PUMPS, SUCTION HOSE, LACE LEATHER.

GREASE CUTS, ARCTIC CUP GREASE, RUBBER PACKING, ABESTOS PACKING, SOAPSTONE PACKING, HEMP PACKING.

BRASS AND IRON FITTINGS ALL KINDS AND SIZES.

OUR MOTTO, THE BEST GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

## BROWN & MITCHELL.



WHILE WE LIVE WE'LL CROW

Young & Co's.

Cheap Groceries.

THEY SELL AT WHOLESALE PRICES FOR CASH.

HAVE IDEAS OF GROCERIES, LOTS OF APPLES AND

LOW PRICES.

YOUNG - & - CO.

Call at The Red Front Store.

ASSIGNMENT SYSTEM.

MUTUAL PRINCIPLE.

THE : PEOPLES' : INSURANCE

And is sold about one-half the rates charged by old system companies.

THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION.

New business for June, 1905.....\$5,017,500.00

New business for June, 1904.....\$5,017,500.00

Increase 1905.....20,712,000.00

Reserve Fund nearly.....\$1,000,000.00

Death claims paid over.....\$2,000,000.00

Insurance in force over.....\$200,000,000.00

A. C. M. DOWN,

JAS. A. SMART,

GENERAL AGENT,

LOCAL AGENT,

Lapland Block, Brandon.

and Mr. Kolar handle agricultural implements on their own account, lumber and building material of all kind, from Brandon, Portage and elsewhere.

Mr. Kolar is one of the oldest settlers of the town, and handles real estate, insurance, and work of the municipality and general for the town.

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